out saying that we had a sweet time of

it. Within a stone's cast of our tents

cated to the education of the beautiful

creole daughters of the French and Span-

ish settlers of that wonderful land of

magnolias and palms. Just think of it! a vast army of soldiers inured to the

hardships of war, cut off for years from

ionship of women, to be thus suddenly

dropped into the very arms of the sweet

emblem of home brought mother, sister

and wife nearer and dearer by reason of

a long and cruel separation. And yet

## AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

CHAPTER IX. Three days after the colonel's dinner Mrs. McLane was pronounced sufficientton too eagerly urge. By this time the

hostess was fully convinced that Fanny was far from being the frank, confiding riam," said Grafton, uncomfortably, "for creature she had pictured herself to be; I was on the point of asking you to come that she had come to Sedgwick with ter which is giving her deep anxiety." other purpose in view than that of seeking the sympathy and counsel of her erstwhile schoolmate; that she was connow knew what it was and wouldn't | tration the other night?" tell. This perhaps was almost unpardonable. In vain had Mrs. Grafton insinuated, inquired, insisted and finally implored. Her husband was gentle, but | She got a telegram, I heard. obdurate.

I conjecture is derived from that dispatch, the contents of which should be seen and known only by your friend the | night -your friend and once-upon-a-time bridesmaid. If she chooses to tell you, well and good, but I cannot."

read without telling what he conjectured. and then furthermore told her what he her niece was prostrated by the receipt of her dispatch and might not be able to reply for several days, so Aunt Charlotte was existing without further knowledge of the condition of her niece as placidly, let us hope, as was her niece without further knowledge of the condition of her uncle.

It was on this third day when the doctor left, after saying Mrs. McLane to read his full meaning. ought to go and take a drive or a ride. that Grafton wrote to her a few words reporting that he had read Aunt Charlotte's dispatch and replied to it as above stated. This note he sent in by Annette. Mrs. Grafton was receiving sympathizing callers at the moment, and the cap- tion. What! Meet Randy Merriam tain bade Annette say that if he could when she had less than thirty minutes be of any further service Mrs. McLane should let him know. Presently Annette returned with a note.

"I am so distracted," it said, friendless I do not know what to do. sel I can depend, but even that is denied me, for Harriet has turned cold and unkind. Because I cannot tell her the see her, but I am tied hands and feet." secrets of others she thinks me false to our old friendship, and she has changed to me so much that were I able to travel I should go at once, only how could we explain? Oh, I long to tell you the whole story, but I cannot! I must not! And I must not do that which might increase her suspicion-" But here Grafton began to frown angrily. He read no further, though there were half a dozen lines on the following page, but tossed the whole thing into the open fireplace, tramped right upstairs and tapped at the guest room door.

"Can you come to the door a moment, Mrs. McLane?" he asked. There was the sound of sudden rush

and rustle within, then her light footfall, the clack of the doorknob and her voice, low and sweet. "You startled me so," she said through the inch-wide aperture that appeared,

but left her invisible. "I dreaded that it was another telegram. Oh, I'm not fit to be seen, but-" "I don't w-I don't need to see you, Mrs. McLane," said he stoutly. "We can

I can be of service-in sending off any letters or dispatches to your friends, command me. But really, Mrs. McLane, there is no need of telling me anything about the matter.' "But I have to, Captain Grafton," and

the door opened a bit wider. "I must have your advice. I must do something right away, and you're the only one who "Then I'll ask Harriet to come here at

once," said he, and, suiting action to words, started for the stairway. She rushed out after him, disheveled. pallid. "Oh, I cannot tell Harriet," she "Then, Mrs. McLane, you cannot tell

For a moment she looked at him in

"I will wire for your lawyer, Mr. Parwhat I probably could not." He cannot advise as you can, cap-

tain. It's a matter he knows nothing than-in fact everybody does now that I'm in deep trouble," she wailed. "I am sure Mr. Merriam will come to

you if there is anything of importance." said Grafton gravely. "I will see him at stables, and the call is sounding now." "Oh, not to-day-not to-day. To-morrow perhaps, but not to-day. I really cannot see him just yet. I'm so unstrung-and he mustn't let her-his wife.

know. She'll never rest till she's worried it all out of him." "He will let his wife know," said Grafton calmly, "and is wise in so doing, but she will not be apt to make inquiries.'

Then he turned and left her. There were two restless and unhappy men at Sedgwick now-gunner and treoper-Minturn and Whittaker, and, each at his appropriate stable, managed to intercept the troop commander on the way to his own, each importunate for tidings of the fair invalid, each resentful of his indifference and unpitying re-Grafton was a warm friend where he liked, but an unbeliever and a cynic where he did not, and Grafton believed that he had fathomed Fanny Mc-Lane's shallow nature and secret purpose, and was intolerant of her to the verge of rudeness. He loved his wife, He mourned the semi-deception in which she had indulged in having, against his wishes, brought her former friend within their gates. But now he looked upon Harriet as being quite sufficiently punished, and equally willing that Mrs. Mc- and was glad to get away. Then came Lane should take herself elsewhere. If, therefore, Merriam would see her and do -or refuse to do-that which she de- to the office a minute; and, glancing out manded of him, Grafton felt that he might speed his parting guest and relieve not only his own but his fair wife's from the windows at headquarters and shoulders of a heavy load. He was late | there were signs of unusual life and stir reaching stables, a fact burly old Buxquick to rebuke. He had delayed only a | the side of his young wife. She was minute or two after the sounding of the call, because he wished to have his interview over and done with. The men of his troop were already leading out as he came in sight of the long row of yellow washed rookeries that passed for stables, and it annoyed him to be hailed. on the way, one after another, by these two admirers of so much that he couldn't admire at all. Then, as luck would have it, the lieutenant colonel was the next to accost him and to remark that he was five minutes late, which wasn't so, but couldn't be contradicted, and Grafton was gritting his teeth when he reached his troop. He was in no mood to talk diplomatically with Merrlam just then, and knew it, and was thankful that the lieutenant was still another stable beyond, when who should appear, walking rapidly back from the bank where the horses were watering, than Merriam himself. Seeing inquiry in | the wiles of the coquette to whom he

(Copyright, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.) ton. There, at least, was a woman he

"Nothing that I can understand or the Mrs. McLane was pronounced sufficients doctor either," said Randy, anxiously. ly well to take the open air, but did not "She hasn't been like herself for several look sufficiently well, in her own opin- days, and gets worse instead of better. ion, to take the hint, nor did Mrs. Graf- I don't like to be away from her, although Mrs. Hayne is there a great deal, bless her."

over and see Mrs. McLane about a mat-

once, but he said no word. "Randy," continued Grafton, after a away Mrs. Hayne knelt where he had moment's embarrassed pause, "I know knelt the moment before. cealing from her, to whom she once it's asking a great deal more than I longed to unbosom her every thought, should care to do were I in your place, and I wouldn't ask it if I didn't think it pity or contempt for—that woman? I and, worst of all, that Captain Grafton none. You heard of her sudden pros- his devotion to you-his avoidance of

> "Yes-but-" "Do you know-have you any idea of "Not the faintest-no, I can't say that.

"She did, and an answer was demanded and I had to read it and reply "I know nothing, Harriet," he simply | that she was prostrated and couldn't ansaid. "I do, perhaps, conjecture, but all | swer herself, perhaps for days. I have no right to tell you what was in the message, but she seems to need to see She says to-morrow-I say to-

For a moment no answer came. At last, with evident effort, Merriam spoke. "I had promised myself never to see her alone. It is due to my wife, if not But he told Mrs. McLane what he had to me. You know the relations that existed. No, Mrs. Merriam does not-like

"Neither do I," interrupted Grafton, had done-wired to Aunt Charlotte that stouffy, tand I've an idea she'll go after she's got what-information you can give

> And now Merriam's face began to lose its dark look and to grow suddenly pale. "Do you mean that this telegram has made-has anything to do with her wish

> "Everything, Merriam, according to my belief, and if I could tell you what it said I think you would not refuse her." Intently Merriam eyed the captain's face as though burning with eagerness

"Very well, I will come right after re-treat. Surely five minutes ought to be enough," he said at length, and then went thoughtfully homeward.

But retreat parade came within so short a time after Grafton's return to his quarters that his message to Mrs. Mc-Lane covered that lady with consternain which to dress! It couldn't be thought of! When Merriam called Mrs. Grafton fluttered down with flushing cheeks and indignant eyes. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Merriam, but really Mrs. McLane says she is so far from well again this evening that she cannot see any one. She has gone back to bed, but begs that you will come in at noon to-morrow. How is dear Florence? I should have been to And Randy went angering back to Floy's mutely inquiring eyes. "What can I do to cheer you to-night, my darling?" he whispered as he bent over to kiss her. "Is Mrs. Hayne coming back?"

Florence was lying on the sofa in her pretty room aloft, and Merriam knelt at her side, taking her passive hands in his and stroking gently the curls that shimmered about her white temples. The smile with which she greeted him was very wan and flitting.

"She said she would after a little. I told her you'd be in right after parade, but-" and the "but" had a mournful

"I had to stop a moment on the way, dear. A matter I promised to attend to," and again he bent and laid his lips upon her brow, then pressed them to hers. Time was, and only a few days gone by, when she used to meet that fond caress with a kiss as fond, as lingering as his own. Now she lay there patient, unresponsive. Something prompted him to pass his arm underneath her neck and to draw her head to converse perfectly well, as Annette is be- his breast, and she let herself go, unrelow stairs. All I wish to say is this: If sisting, but her cheek did not nestle happily, confidently, as was its way. Her big, pathetic eyes were downcast, even averted.

> "I wish I knew some way to gladden you a bit, my Brownie," he murmured, using for almost the first time her father's own fond pet name for her, and he was startled beyond measure at the result. One instant her face lighted as with sudden, radiant joy, then quivered all over with pent-up emotion. Then the pretty mouth began to twitch and the lips to tremble, and then despite every burst into a passion of tears, great sobs shaking her slender frame from head to

"Florence! Florence!" he cried in utter heart? What is it, my pet, my precious? Ah, don't turn from me like that. You you?" And now he would take no about. I've got to see Mr. Merriam, and | denial, but had clasped his arms about he avoids me even worse than you do. I her and drawn her to his breast again. and began kissing away her tears and striving to check her sobbing. It was

"Oh, let me cry-let me cry!" she pleaded. "It's-it's what I need." And so in pain and bewilderment he yielded to her wish and strove to content himself with murmuring soft, soothing words and holding her close to his heart, and at last the storm of tears seemed drifting away and she could speak in answer to his pleading, and presently she looked one instant into his eyes and began:

the-cantonment for-just a little "Why, Floy, darling, we've only just come from there.'

"Do you think-could we-go back to

"I know. And yet-and yet-oh, it seems months-years since-since then." And now the sobs again became uncontrollable, and in dread and distress he sprang up to call the servant and bid him go for Mrs. Hayne and the doctor. Florence protested, even implored, but to no purpose. The message was sent, and before many minutes both were there.

The medico looked perturbed when he

came down stairs; talked about low nervous condition; said that air, sunshine, cheerful companionship were what she really needed, etc. She'd been housing herself too much of late. He would send over some sedatives from the hospital: and then he bustled out, an orderly with the colonel's compliments, and would Mr. Merriam step over across the parade, Randy was surprised to see that bright lights were shining about the infantry barracks. Quickly he ton would be quick to notice and as | mounted the stairs and again knelt by quieter now, but evidently weak from the violence of her emotion, if from no other cause. Smiling sympathetically, Mrs. Hayne arose from her place near the head of the sofa that he might come closer and fold Florence in his arms, as she felt sure Florence wished to be folded, and Randy did come nearer and took the slender hand in his and spoke tenderly and fondly, and bent again and kissed the pale forehead, lingeringly, and all this Florence seemed to accept without other notice than silence and submission. Mrs. Hayne gazed with swiftly changeful expression. This was something utterly new, utterly unlooked for. What could have occurred to turn Florence Merriam, fondest, happlest of wives into this limp, unresponsive creature? Surely it could not be that there lingered one remaining doubt of Randy now. He had ignored so utterly, so successfully the captain's eye, he stepped quickly to- owed allegiance a year gone by. She

attend him at the office," he explained, that Eden of the sunny South, the La-and the eyelids drooped again. Then he fourche district, on the lawn parks of the pressed his lips to hers and they an- great "sugar bowl of the United States." swered not at all. Then he rose, and The sun never gladdened a prettier piece with deep concern in his manly face of creation than the site of Thibadeau turned to go. "It is so good of you to and the stretch of country lying between come to us," he said to Mrs. Hayne. "I New Orleans and Brashear City. When should be at a loss without you. I'll hur- I say that we camped in the "sugar ry back." bowl" 'of the United States it goes with-

was for Florence, whose eyes followed him only until his turned again to her. stood a magnificent castle in the archi-Then they drooped again. tecture of the French renaissance, dedi-Then they drooped again.
"Floy, dear," said Mrs. Hayne after a

ioment of thought, "I'm going to ask

The girl held up her white hand, and, They heard Randy in the hall below as he threw his cape over his shoulders and | the refining influences of the companhastened out, heard him go bounding down the steps, out through the gate-Merriam's face began to darken at | way and then across the hard gravel of the road. Then as his footfalls died

might do good for all and do harm to never saw anything more perfect than

For answer, with sudden force the young wife seemed to tear herself from the touch of the friendly hand, the sound of the gentle voice, and, burying her face in her arms, turning her back upon her consoler, moaned aloud.
"Oh, Floy, Floy, my little friend. You must not doubt him. Never distrust him

again. Why, he will not even go near her. He will not see her-speak with her, and I never heard such love and tenderness in his voice as when he speaks Then, as though stung, Florence

whirled upon her, and with dilated burning eyes and a hot flush overspreading her face, with lips close set as though to beat down the tremors that strove for the mastery, answered with startling "But I have-it's when he calls to her-

talks to her in his sleep."

row and pity in her eyes. Then, with her hand to her ear, cried "Hark!" and hastened to the window. Far out across the still, starlit level of

Then Mrs. Hayne sprang up, aghast

One moment she stood gazing incredu-

lously down at Florence, a world of sor-

the parade a trumpeter was sounding (To be continued next Sunday.)

## The Bugler's Story.

(From advance sheets of a volume of War Tales, by Dr. Isaac L. Mitchell, of Dan-

ville, Ind., soon to be published.) General Cameron always thought of the comfort of his men, and he even looked after their moral weal, and at one time when he thought there was more gambling going on among the boys

than was necessary for mere pastime he sent out guards to arrest the "gambler kings," who were driving a profitable trade down in "Prince Chuck-a-luck's" camp near "Fakir's" happy hollow. The sergeant of the police guard did his duty to the letter, and by noon he had lined up at headquarters with "the whole shooting match" faro, roulette, chuck-aluck, three card monte, poker, seven-up, dice, the shell trick and all. "Prince Chuck-a-luck," who headed the procession, was an "old-timer," who had done duty on both sides of the bar and inside of the bars, and the coloring on his nose represented one of the best farms in Marion county, Indiana. The "pirooter," Sam Irick, whom General Dan Macauley has since the war made famous by his camp fire speeches, was under arrest also for stealing clocks to get the wheels to make "spurs," which he sold at a fine profit to the cavalry and staff officers. Oliver Dougal, forager and abstracter of bric-a-brac, was among the culprits. He had violated the "code of ethics" by being seen in the society of a good sized "shoat" at a time when rations were not scarce in camp. Out of the material thus gathered General Cameron organized a reform school by compelling the motley group of "bums" and "gamblers" to sit in the broiling rays of the August sun in front of his tent and ply the forms of their various "fakes" to an imaginary crowd of the gullible suckers | soft and waiting palm of the passing who haunt the "happy hollow." When they all got started it reminded me of county fair in the good old "wide-open" days when beer and gingerbread flowed like water in a June freshet and the effort she turned back to her pillow and | "fakir" and "skinner" roamed to and fro with his kit of irresistibles. Prince Chuck-a-luck rattled "the bootleg" and cried out in a nasal drawl "two aces and dismay and trouble. "What is it, sweet- a lovelye tray; try your luck, gentlemen; there's money in this game for | nant vibrations that raised the hair on ry," he went on calmly. "He can advise are not well, my own, or you would not you." The wheel-of-fortune man spun the tethered mules and brought a Chaubreak my heart by shrinking from me. his wheel and sung his competitive dormitory. One day while indulging my twang, and the three-card-monte man manipulated his innocent, foolish looking game and piped his alluring song. The air was full of the slang and jargon of iniquity and the slums. It was regular Donnybrook fair, the like of which had not been seen since Tam O'Shanter saw the devil and the witches that stormy night in the orgies of Alloway's haunted kirk. In the evening the general started out to lecture the offenders before sending them to their quarters, and as he passed down the line he had each trickster disclose the

secret of his devices. When he came to the three-card-monte flend he was flourishing and tossing his cards in the simplest manner imaginable. The general said: "Is that all there is to your

"Ye-es," said the oily rogue. "Well, then," said Cameron, "the boys will get every last cent you've got. Why

I can pick out the little man every time.' "Well, yes," said the sharper as he continued to toss his cards about, "a man with a good eye ought to do it every time, but some of the boys miss it occasionally or I couldn't do business."

The general was about to pass on when the fellow said: "What will you bet, General, that you can pick out the little

"I'll bet you \$5," said the General as he laid down his money. The gambler put! down a like amount and pitched his cards out on to the board, and General Cameron quickly picked out his card. and-lost, while the smooth individual raked in the money, folded his "grip" and silently stole away, saying as he went: "General, I have waited all day or a chance to 'turn your flank.' " The General replied: "Give me those

ters, and if ever I see you at it again I'll send you to Ship island." Thus he released the jolly bummers and they went to their respective quarters, but the next day they were all back again in "happy hollow," where the fool and his money pursue their devious

eards, you rascal, and go to your quar-

One of the brightest spots in my sacred little budget of delights is the memory of the golden days in which each minute was a newer, fresher joy in

The various incidents from which this story is builded were given me by Harvey. Henry, late bugler in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, and are vouched for by taken into consideration along with what him as being absolutely true historically. did happen on this expedition. The ward him.

"My wife isn't feeling at all well," he exception of a few verbatim passes and fifty-five; with the exception of a few verbatim passes, are chargeable solely to me, so that the incongruities in the "literary millinery" of the matter is that the captain with the exception of a few verbatim passes, are chargeable solely to me, so that the incongruities in the "literary millinery" of the advance geard ran on to a number of the matter is that the captain with the exception of a few verbatim passes, are chargeable solely to me, so that the incongruities in the "literary millinery" of the matter is that the captain of the matter is that the captain of the matter is that the captain with the exception of a few verbatim passes, are chargeable solely to me, so that the incongruities in the "literary millinery" of the medley, if any there be, must look to me for redress.—Isaac L. Mitchell.

"Nothing serious, I hope," said Graft

meeting and conversing with that bevy of purity and innocence, for the fathers and brothers of the dear little creatures were our bitter enemies whose loyal duty it was to shoot us down like dogs rather than give us the right to bask in the sunlight of the shy and winning smiles they smuggled to us at the risk of being "disciplined." How grateful we were, then, when we found that the good Lord in bestowing His first best gift to man had wisely fitted in a heart of flesh wherewith to love and lead and move the hearts of men. Here we were at short range with the modest creole beauties, whose fresh, laughing faces looked out from the windows of the dormitory overshadowing our camp, and the mirthful roguishness of their eyes seemed to say "thus far and no further." Matters ran on in this exasperating manner for several days, when the inventive genius of one of the boys contrived to get a "pack-age telegraph" into splendid working order from one of our tents to the upper window of the dormitory, and the missives dainty and sweet began to travel back and forth high over the tops of the magnolia trees, where shapely hands reached out to receive them. My first intimation of any infringement on the rules of the turreted castle over the way was received while standing in front of my tent by seeing what looked like an envelope moving gently along the hypothenuse of a triangle from the ground toward an open window in the dormitory. Aha! I became interested at once, and I hurried toward the junction of the base and the hypothenuse, where I found a double line of "O, N. T." (our new telegraph) running smoothly over a couple of empty spools, Everything was lovely, and the boys were happy as larks. Earl Reed seemed to be principal operator, and his shining face told me that the answers to his messages were eminently satisfactory. Later in the day he handed me a delicately scented note which ran: "At the northeast corner of the garden wall to-night at 10 o'clock." Joe Jackson and Billy Sesegrand were now in charge of the clandestine telegraph, and they grew so bold by their success that the matron of the castle discovered and tore down the line and turned our fun into disgruntled hopes. I had been taught from boyhood that 'all's fair in love and war," and so when I sneaked around that night to help Earl Reed keep his appointment with the beautiful creole I felt that it was a case of love and war both, and my conscience approved, for I didn't know from my covert in the tropical grasses and shrubs what might happen to Earl to render my presence needful. I will own also to a little curiosity, otherwise I should not have endured for three hours and a half such a mixture of cramped legs, elongated ears and sugared endearments as I lived through that beautiful night at the corner of the creole paradise. It was here I learned that the fair girl, who had kept her tryst with Earl despite the zealous vigilance of the bilious matron, was none other than the girl who had sat at his side in the chorus at New Orleans in Gilmore's famous festival, the daughter of Morano De Seronio, against whose love for Reed even the gates and walls of Thibadeau could not prevail. It was here, also, that I heard them vow eternal love and loyalty to one another, come weal, come woe. And then in the days that followed, when the fussy matron took her flock of creole lilies for an outing through the parks, her solicitous love for the pretty ones and her intense hatred for the "horrid Yankee soldiers" would have turned an old hen with a brood of venturesome chicks green with envy. Yet, notwithstanding her aggressive antagonism, many a billet doux was slyly pressed into the beauties. The growing antipathy of the matron for the Yankees was daily remarked, and no opportunity was slighted by "the boys" for nourishing the venom as it sparkled in her eyes or flew off like sparks from her surcharged tongue. Whenever occasion required me to blow the bugle calls of the camp I always throat. The white of a raw egg will do turned the bell of the noisy little instru- | this. ment toward the castle and its fair beauties in distress, and, with my neck stretched to its limit, I would splinter the air with a chorus of rasping, resomuse in a particularly scientific bugie oratorio the matron stepped out from behind a fig tree, and, after drawing her skirts about her in a dramatic fashion, she blighted my young life with her withering scorn in the remark: "Your Yankee music hath no charms for Southern ladies." If I could have found a porous plaster I should have worn it through the balance of my service in the hope of drawing out that sting, but there was none in camp, and I began to waste away. This ended my long and joyous season of bugle contests with the mocking birds that swung and sung in the branches of the palmettoes of Thibadeau. There is a circumstance blazoned in the pages of an accredited work known

that always makes me laugh when read it, not publicly or uproariously, but with a subdued and sheepish shyness and a sort of a dad-burn-his-extravagant-imaginativeness feeling that can't help. It is in effect that two companies of the Eleventh Indiana left Paducah, Ky., for an expedition up the Tennessee river, with Murray, the county seat of Calloway county, as an objective point. We carried two pieces of artillery, and were otherwise amply equipped for emergencies. The march was made in the night through a rough stretch of timber land in a drizzling rain that tempered the adhesive mud to a consistency which rendered the transportation of a large section of the country imperative, as it stuck to our feet in flakes as large as bacon sides. Presently the advance guard reported the enemy in sight. The major in command hurried us forward, and soon we came in full view of the camp fires of the enemy off to the left of the road. The major had us slip along under cover of the bushes that skirted the roadside, and placed us in fine not over fifty yards from the enemy's camp. The artillery was put into position, the command "fire" was given and we blazed away, the hills roaring and echoing with the thunders of war. "Recover arms!" "Load," "Ready," "Aim," "Fire!" and we roared up the echoes again. Fifteen hundred of the enemy's forces were thus killed, wounded, captured or retreated and the old Eleventh Indiana expedition of two companies and two pieces of artillery marched victoriously into Murray without a scratch or the loss of a man or a drop of blood. Such is the "historical" substance of what was known as the battle of the "deadening." Facts, however, are not always history, as would appear from the above, when

as "The History of the Indiana Soldier"

disastrous, and reported back to the camp." It was a disagreeable night upon which to be killed, and if I had had my pick and choice of the times and places in my whole three years' service at which and upon which I should be killed, I am sure I wouldn't have picked either that time or that place. At any far as any of us were able to ascertain.

rate, with all our shooting and cannonading into that good old farmer's clear-ing, there wasn't or hadn't been a rebel soldier within twenty miles of there, so But all this was only an intimation of the driftwood piled upon the banks of the river of genius, out of which the wand of comedy drew shapes and forms of grotesque mien with which to people the walking "floats" in the wildest, most ridiculous and most spontaneously extravagant procession that ever spurned the earth with its "war-made corns," for on reaching Murray early in the morning of the following day we proceeded we knew that the bar of prohibition had to capture the town, and went into quarfallen between us and the pleasure of ters in the courthouse. It was here we were joined about noon by two companies of the Second Illinois, in advance of the main army. The cavalry looted all the saloons in town and dealt out the fluid joy with unstinting hand, and the result was the grandest and most jubilant spree I ever witnessed. Everybody was happy, good-natured and frolicksome. Bacchus was in his most playful mood, and a simultaneous raid was made by some intuitive freak on all of the secret society halls in the place. A grand rush broke open the closets, chests and sacred archives, and the boys arrayed themselves in jewels, symbols, regalia, robes, coronets, uniforms and plumes in the most discordant relation that ignorance of their uses could de-A man with a "Sons of Malta" false face, a "Master Mason's" jewel and a "Red Men's" painted tomahawk headed the procession. Nothing in the history of the Mardi Gras, under the Veiled Prophet of the Mississippi, ever equaled the side-splitting comicality of this unique and indescribable spectacle. It would have caused the most eloquent circus poster linguist, with his colossal vocabulary and gigantic corrigenda diabolicum to have turned pale in the presence of such a perilously unpronouncable congress of terrible sights. The "bill-poster's dream" would create the impression of the millennium to come if contrasted with a snap-shot picture of this allegory of Hades. Each man was stuccoed all over with comedy thicker han the spangles on the gaudiest circus clown that ever cut a throat with a piece of soap or sawed wood with a hammer, The Supreme Fol-Dod of the second detachment wore a pair of broadfall nankeen pants, hind side before, a pigeontailed coat with brass buttons, a plug hat with fur on it as long as the bristles in a whitewash brush, and a fluted and ruffled shirt, a false face on the back of his head and a dingy expanse of shin between the bottoms of the nankeen pants and the tops of his army brogans.

I am of the opinion that Providence, or whoever it is that gins the impulses in the human breast, had this thing to happen in the way it did that Kentuckians might have a glimpse of the way the rest of the nation looked upon "Kentucky neutrality." It was a spectacular digest of the unity of the great State which stood upon neutral ground and furnished recruits to both factions in the civil war.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long twenty-six years old. The first exportation of American silk was

America to England It is said that out of 28,000 Hebrews in the city of Amsterdam, 10,000 are occupied in the trade of diamond dealing.

It is now seventy years since the first rall-way in the world was finished, and now some 400,000 miles are in existence. British emancipation in the West Indies took place in 1834. It is estimated that 780,-000 slaves were freed in that year.

Amsterdam is intersected by canals, which

divide the city into about ninety islands.

Communication with them is had by about Half the diamonds known to exist in the whole world come from South Africa. The value of all the dlamonds known is estimated at \$1,000,000,000.

Eggs directly from the nest are said to be less rich and appetizing than when a day two old. For invalids the day-old egg i recommended as just the thing. Carthaginians are said to have been the first who paved their towns with stones.

onden was first paved about the year 1533. Wood pavement commenced in 1839. English coal (20,000 tons a year) is used to "rescue" land from the lagoons near Venice; the reclaimed land, which becomes very fruitful, is drained by steam power. The rate at which the Zulus can run upon

an emergency is astonishing. Some will cover as much as fifty miles in six hours; eight miles an hour is an ordinary pace. With children in the house it is especially necessary to know how to remove fish bones

The vital statistics of Steuben, Me., for the twelve months just closed show a curious coincidence. During the year there were in the town sixteen births, sixteen deaths and sixteen marriages.

In Germany water pipes are being made of against the action of acids and alkalies, and that they cannot be penetrated by gases. In Hindustan either party for a slight cause may leave the other party and marry again. In the olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives. Divorces are scarcely allowed in Thibet, uness with the consent of both parties. Remarriages are forbidden

The first Christian church erected in Engand was at Canterbury, in the suburbs of Martin. Chapels were formerly places set apart in baronial residences for private worship, but in course of time the term became a general adaptation to both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Constantine, King of Scots, punished

lrunkenness with death. He used to say hat the drunkard was but the mimic of man, and differed from the beast only in shape, A. D., 870. Drunkenness was restrained in the commonality in England in 5; and by several later laws. In Siberia if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears

a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce. In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold, as the others may be. She may claim the first child; the others belong to the husband. Mince pies are first mentioned in 1596 as in ommon use at Christmas times. Culinary authorities declare that they might be eaten as early as Dec. 14. They were made of mutton, mixed with raisins, cloves, allspice, nuts and many other indigestible stuffs that

appened to occur to the mind of the manu-

Civilization is hurrying Alaskaward with ong strides. There is a great rush this seaon to the practically unknown region about Cook's inlet, in the far north, and among the passengers leaving Tacoma last week for that point was the agent of a big brew-ing concern, which proposes to establish a brewery at the inlet.

The names of the three magi who visited Christ are variously stated by different auhorities. One gives them as Melchior, Balthazer and Jasper: another, Appelius, Amer-us and Damascus: a third declares that they were Megalath, Galalath and Sarasin; while a fourth, rejecting all these, affirms them to be Ator, Sator and Peratorus.

There can be little doubt that the oldest edifice existing in England is the Roman Pharos or lighthouse, which still forms so conspicuous an object on the cliffs, within the precincts of Dover Castle. The masonry of this interesting work is composed of tufa, cement and Roman bricks, or tiles, and is in the best style of Roman workmanship. he best style of Roman workmansh Eurico Dandolo was elected Doge of Ven-ice in 1192, at the age of eighty-two. In the fellowing year he attacked and conquered Trieste, the Ionian islands and Constanti-nople. In 1204, being then ninety-four years of age, he took Constantinople by storm, himself leading the attack, and established ere the Latin empire of Constantinop Excluding the two capitals, there is not a single city in the whole of Russia, properly so called, which would be deemed a large town in Britain. Only twenty have a population exceeding 50,000, and only 150 count more than 10,000 inhabitants. Not more than one in eight of the 80,000,600 who make up the subjects of Alexander III can be called a townsman.

The ages at which the greatest commanders made their reputations are these: Alexander the Great, between twenty-one and thirty-three; Hannibal, between twenty-six

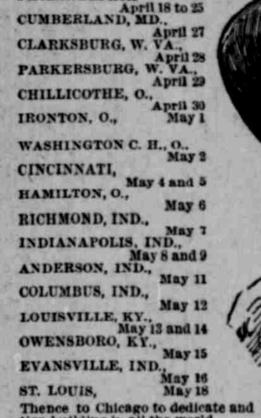
กษณะคนกษณะคนสนสนสนสนสนสนสนสนส Mayor's Office, Nashville, Tenn. Mayor Guild KNOW the Genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract, and as a flesh maker and Nutritive Tonic can recommend it very highly. DHANN HOFF'S ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

TWO DAYS ONLY, FRIDAY, MAY 8 and 9

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50 AMERICAN COWBOYS, 30 MEXICAN VAQUEROS AND RURALIES, 30 SOUTH AMERICAN GAUCHOS, 5) WESTERN FRONTIERSMEN, MARKSMEN, ETC. 25 BEDOUIN ARABS.

20 RUSSIAN COSSACKS OF THE CAUCASUS. DETACHMENT OF U. S. CAVALRY, ROYAL IRISH-ENGLISH LANCERS. FRENCH CHASSEURS, GERMAN CUIKASSIERS

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A Free Street Cavalcade At 16 a.m., by detailed detachments from each division (Will Horses, Buffelo, Cattle, etc., being necessarily guarded in camp), "So that he who runs may read." The march will be enlivened by

So organized and arranged as to camp close to the city in an easily accessible location. On FRIDAY, May 8, there will be given

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